Montage – L’Art and Politics, Images from Historie

By Shomit Sirohi

Introduction

Cinematographic construction of the Settings – which are then Room – Road, and Such Images of Many Types of

The Two – Buddhist trick of Morelli and Bataichi as the cinema.

I. In the Room, Parties and Depression

I was in fact in the room, in a depression, and happy as well. I was then talking to people. I even went out and smoked a cigarette and was listening to the music and writing a pamphlet and

even some GP political discussions. I was Ilaan. Ilaan then met, Lisa and even Zera and was discussing poetry, Ilaan was a poet in fact. He meant that when you discuss with Philippe that in

fact there is a crisis in man, it has to be a poem, that it is about. It resolves when there is a common happiness. We called that being in common.

You know, I'm getting married.
With Yvan.
With Yvan?
I thought it was over
between you two?
We got back together 2 months ago.
What a disaster!

I'm telling you, he's changed.

After this in fact in Algeria – two black women met Belano who was working on his computer and writing an old typewritten news piece.

II. In Rooms, And About the French radical politics

In fact many people in Algeria and many in Paris were doing the same as people in

New York and people in Delhi. Just working at their table on art, just art in fact, a lot of reading novels, and writing novels, even in fact Spanish poetry of Lorca that Borges called in fact the

meaning of life. He calls Belano on the phone and talks to him – is it afterall not poetic this group of militants in Paris, Algeria, Buenos Aires as well reading Lorcan writings and Fervor that they

all have, get Fervour? Belano replies as he takes a break from black get together that was happening. He agreed it’s a fevour. That in fact all people act in artistic ways, in poetic ways.

III. Working on a Office which is Miserable and Like De Gaulle today which was about art, living in art in fact

In fact then Communists in Cuba are busy working on wrought iron and glass constructions for Havana with a lot of gardening being understood and going on – not suffering while

reading, Fidel argues on the phone to a comrade and Allenette – that in fact life becomes artistic in Havana again after years – after those years in fact. Allenete is busy writing notes and

psychoanalytic references to Ilaan who is busy smoking and walking around in his trouser-shirt combination, with women who are walking around and being poetic about meeting.

He won't do anything stupid, he's afraid of losing me.
Charlene, you're out of your mind.
- Has he still got his little goatee?
- Oh no, that was horrible!

I made him shave
it off.
He's got smooth
skin
and hair till here.
What?
I'm giving him
love lessons.
I make him do
things
he's never done
before.

He's discovering himself with me.
And at the same time, I am with him.
He's happy
and we get on really well.
That's incredible.
We're renting a one-bedroom flat.

- When are you two getting married?
- Next year.
Enjoy your meal!
So what about you?
You're not telling me anything.
- Are you in love at the moment?

- I am. Very much so.
Is it real love
or you're just having fun?
I think this time
it's for real.
What does he do?
- He's a poet.
- Meaning?

He writes the most beautiful poetry.
He's very talented.
Is he married?
Why married?
You're mad, he's 20 years old.
Well, that's better.

I wouldn't want
you
to get in trouble.
A poet...
Since it doesn't
pay the bills,
I thought he was
old,
married or shit
like that.

IV. Cars in Modern Senses going past the old talking of literature to the new talking as Black people are walking in Cover Jackets

In fact this old way of speaking is

then French philosophy inflected Alain told Ilaan and even Slavei. It should then be in imagery the old stuff in Havana and perhaps Algiers. We are in a new situation though. I was

then smoking and talking with a cover jacket with black people in Rue Chanse der. And in fact Alennete was there in a modern Honda.

V. Films as Metaphysical Exercise – Reading a Pamphlet in Algiers

In fact then PCF is walking in Algiers and walking steadily after the bus ride

and taking to the office of Leanar and Frantz – they are talking about politics but the pamphlet they found with a black family was in fact about films as a metaphysical exercise on modern societies

and economics and all of that. It is a realism in the film they meant – what is called surrealism is better but there is a lot of realism in this pamphlet they also meant.

Leanar was then talking on the phone and his Paramount phone in fact.

VI. Walks and Boulevards – Ilaan with Lisa and Marina

You're too imaginative, Charlene.
No, he's a pure creature.
You know, I never used to mix love with sex. But sex is creative as well.
(Girls in Islamic corner laughing

on the radio
listening to this)
It's not because
you fall in love
and that you
really love
someone. But that
in fact it is
political as well,
Quranic in fact.
I always made the
distinction.

But this time it's both.
Something deep.
Admiration...
and sex.
So, you don't cheat on him?
No.
No, I don't after all.
Even if at times I feel something...

But it's a fleeting desire.
A very strong drive.
But it doesn't count.
And also...
I adore making love to him.
We were hungry, but it was nice.

Sometimes we would steal...
A box of Camembert, some pat?...
It was nice.
We had fun.
Do you remember my participation in that strike?
Yes.

Parte II –

I. In Havana – Belano walking off with Ilaan and developing poetry

- No, nothing.
- What?
No, nothing.

I have to go. It's time.
- It was really good to see you.
- And you.
Don't disappear without sending any news.
I promise.
Will you come to see me in Savigny,

with Fran?ois?
I will, I promise.
Bye. Safe journey.
Have a nice day.
What is it?
Do you want me
to dream of you?
So, you're madly
in love?
It does you good.
You look well.

I'm not joking, it's true.
Do you ever see Jean-Christophe?
But the problem, the only real problem
is to solve
the contradiction between the people and the state, which then

is art that
becomes the
resolution which
is also though a
fused group of
poets.

-Poets should be
walking around
and smoking and
drinking.

-(Borges) In pure reveries poetry then is the Quranic exercise each day – that we should just be aleatorily following poetry.

II.At the Rue,
Being

Depressed but listening to the Radio

Jacques then is talking to Alain – what you miss is empiricism, I meant, just the artistic image of life as empirical level is meant at

the cinematic exercise level – also against Alennete – that we should be interested in bureaucracy and state and capital. No it should just be the image and text and empiricism, like

that. It should be
artistic
democracy
therefore.

For example,
you see, with this
red,
purple, pink,
green,
I look like a crazy
parrot.

Whereas dressed
in a suit from the
Bouquin shop
window, in grey
velvet...
You would look
like a Fragonard.
Luc. I find you
hard and cruel
with me.
You say hurtful
things.

I feel that you
take
it all out on me.
And in these
moments
I prefer to be
elsewhere.
L?a.
I'm telling you,
I'm dead already.
The splendours of
falling in love

What is it?
Three is the right number.
All odd numbers are the right ones.
Seven.
Nine. Eleven.
I think I would get lost.
You can also get lost in two.

III. Michelet – the Woman falling in Love finally and talking to Ilaan about the promise

In fact with a book, a bunch of

notes in his bag and walking on the street as modern cars go by, Hondas in fact he thought.

Can you lend it to me?
What's wrong?
I've been working for ten hours.

I'll fix you something to eat.
- Is nobody in?
- No, nobody.
I'm trying to understand you.
Are you?
I don't need to. I know you.
I love you.
Oh really?

And how do you love me?
The way I'll never love anyone else.
Are you planning to?
- That I don't know.
- Are you serious?
I am.
Will you let me read

your father's
stories?
If they're good
we'll try to
publish them.
I've thought about
it.
Perhaps one day
but...
not now.
Tilt it a bit.
Go back.

- Everything okay?
- Yes, I found it. It was under the bench.
I've got new commissions for statues.
I'll need a model for sketches.
Would you pose for me?

- Naked?
- No.
I'll pay you.
I don't want to be paid.
- Why not?
- I'm not a model.
So you don't want to?
I don't know.
I have to think about it.

It's late.

An hour later they had sex – Ilaan with Mariette and even another girl Mariane in the other room they called to unite.

He wants me to pose for him.

I do want me to pose for him.
How?
Like this. I mean, dressed.
Oh yeah.
Does he want to go out with you?
No.
Well, I don't know. Maybe.

He just needs a model.
You didn't think I would have asked you for permission?
- Are you asking me for permission?
- I am.
Why? You don't need one.

You're free.
Well no. I love you.
Plus I'm sure he'll pay me loads of cash.
Is he in love with you?
No, I think he's just generous.
"A load of cash" isn't

much for him.
A load of cash for
us
is nothing for him.

IV. Hallene and Walking in Delhi

In fact then you
know it is all
poetry and you

teach them the mathematics of it – you'll be known for being a poet and mathematician. In a lesser note or set of notes in Marx then Ilaan was in her company – some one month after

those three days above. He was talking about Marx being correct – that I am in a Jewish car with a suit on and free. But then this resembles a metaphor Jacques argued out in Paris – that Fidel

is in fact re-doubling the image – like an appearance with another appearance – I meant like a double-click for the women.

If we have to go to a hotel...

We can stay at
Elena’s place.
I don't want to
stay there
for the rest of our
lives.
The rest of our
lives
may not be that
long.
I want it to be
very long.

I want us to be
together
for a long time.
It's unbelievable,
the solitude in
every man's
heart.
Are you getting a
cramp?
No, I'm okay.
Just there.

- Is it okay like that?
- Yes, thank you. You would have your own studio, time to work.
I would introduce you to some people.
Art dealers, clients.

There's no prospects in France.
No. This is dross. Here, this is opium.
- Shall I read you one of my poems?
- If you like.
It's called "The ideal bed".

Well, I'm reading
it then.
"The clouds, a few
snowy puffs
"Are there, before
the blue
"That you can't
imagine
them different
"They look like
angels

"In that bed slept
the one
"whose eyes
awaken
"To that sky in
oblivion"
"To that sky...
"in oblivion"
I'll find her again
one day.
It's very nice.
It's very nice.

You scared me.
I dreamt that you weren't there.
You're crazy.
It was a nightmare.
I'll always be with you.
Whatever happens.
You swear?
Yes, I swear.

Let's go to sleep now.
Okay.

Parte III – the Protests

Police, open up!
Just a minute,
I can't find the keys!

Hide the weed!
There, I'm coming!
I'm sorry, I didn't have the keys.
Good morning, Sir.
Police officer Lef? vre.
Blanchard, the bailiff.

I've got a court order here.
For unpaid fines...
- Oh yes, the fines.
- Since...
1965.
Do come in. I'll be right with you.
It's an artist's studio.

- Did you do these?
- No.
Mister... A relative?
No, I'm a friend of Antoine's.
Not bad.
Modern but...
It is, quite.
I'm a bit of a collector too.

Of less modern things but...
Not bad.
There, how much do I owe you?
You wouldn't have a pen, Sir?
Are you also an artist?
No, I'm a student.
Nothing wrong with that.

No need to be scared.
- Here you are.
- That's fine.
Thank you.
- I didn't fill in the name.
- I'll do it.
Thank you.
I'd forgotten about the fines.
It's okay.

It gives us
something to do.
- Goodbye,
gentlemen.
- Goodbye.
You forgot your
pen.
- Just pull here.
- Thank you.
- Have a nice day.
- Same to you.

- Do they suspect something?
- Of course.
Of course they do.
I'm sorry.
It's my fault. I should have...
But it's not that serious.
No, of course.
You know, the first time,

sometimes girls can't do it.

In 1968, this was actually a protest of workers – and students – a number of Bacchanian musicians were playing everywhere –

Alain saw it but then didn’t believe it. All of them were close to the real, even in Algeria – a lot of protests were on.

II. Today in Delhi

After years we are
talking about
those days.

What are we
going to do now?
Where will we go?
Do you remember
my brother
Fabrice?
A friend of his
organised

a jazz concert in Morocco.
As the Moroccans didn't have
any money to pay the musicians,
they gave them
4 tons of hashish.
What? 4 tons of hashish?
How do you transport it?

- You don't.
- And so?
You stay there,
smoke it all
and never come
back.
Morning is
Italian.
Night is German.
Good hash, the
sea, the sun.

You won't get
bored there,
you lucky bastard.
There, I'm ready
for Morocco.
Can a girl lend me
a black eye-liner?
Here you go.
"The Moroccan"
by Matisse.
I'm ready for
Morocco.

The suit...
I would need
something with
stripes,
something more...
- Camille, can I
have a look at
yours?
- Go ahead.
How grand you
are!
He's not well.

He's not well.
Don't know what's wrong with him.
- Is it drugs?
- I don't know.
- Did you give it to him?
- I don't know where he got it from.
- You didn't give to him?

- No!
Did you give it to him?
Gauthier!
Did you give it to him?
No, but it's fun.
It cracks you up.
Gauthier freaked out.
He freaked out...

How are you
going to manage
without a studio?
I don't know.
Let's talk about it
tomorrow.
Now I'm making
some mint tea.
Mint tea.
Shit!

What are you doing? Are you nuts?
What is it? Why did you do it?
What's wrong?
What?
Your cash, I'll pay you back.
I'll call you at the hospital.

Mister Antoine left this for you. Thank you very much.
Go.
Idiot!
Come on, I feel like walking.
I'm going to the States.
I thought he'd already left.

Hasn't he?
He has.
Then why are you going there?
- Do you want to join him?
- Yes.
Good.
What about me?
He's beautiful on the inside and the outside.

He turns me
upside down.
I never told him
anything.
Perhaps because I
knew.
Asking him to
wait for me
wouldn't be fair.
You've got your
life, a man you
love.

You're having a baby.
And I'm just chasing it.
I don't know.
Remember my hunger strike?
I wanted to die then.
You gave me a lecture.

You spurred me on.
Don't do anything stupid.
I'll always be there if you need me.
I know.
Do you think we'll see each other again?

Of course, are you crazy?
Of course we will.
New York isn't all that far.
Plus I'll have to come
to see your little one.
- What time is your flight?
- 8:50.

I'll take you to the airport.
No, I've called a cab.
I promised him I wasn't
a communist.

That's not it.
I must tell you
that I am now an anarchist.

The others make me tired of life . Anarchism means Jacques was telling Alain that it is all about the people – democracy, anarchic popular protests – in that sense run in anarchic ways –

like a car passing by and some political meetings which is all about the freedom of people to protest.
I have great news.
After a year.
I finally got my work permit.
It's such a relief...
How is it going?

Some interesting
things
are happening.
The revolution
and stuff...
Movements are
being formed.
I'll tell you
everything.
After a year.
I finally got my
work permit.

It's such a relief from all points of view.
The sleep of the just
Oh look, a star!
Come, darling.
Come. Take this one.
Put it down. It's rotten.

Que’ll?
Francois thought:
Will this idiot
policeman ever
stop talking
rubbish?
But since
Francois
may have screwed
up himself.

He dyed his hair that morning.